

TO YOUR DOG

AND TO

MY DOG

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*To Your Dog And
To My Dog*

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TO YOUR DOG
AND TO
MY DOG



“MAY THEY LIVE LONG AND PROSPER”

By
LINCOLN NEWTON KINNICUTT

BOSTON and NEW YORK
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Published December 1915

PN
6110
Dekk

To him who has never called a dog his friend
The full meaning of pure friendship is unknown

904466

Dear Dogs:—

I have brought together in my library a few of the many proofs that show how true is the affection which many of your masters have for you, and some-time when I can read them to you privately, you will understand more fully the place you hold in our lives. I use the word MASTER only because our language is too poor to express in one word the real relationship which exists between us, we the master, and you the devoted slave and trusted servant, the most joyful of playfellows, and the best of companions, the bravest defender, and the truest friend. I wish I knew the word in your language which expresses all that you are to us. I also wish I knew how much you know, and could learn the many things you would gladly teach us.

You can see what we cannot see.

You can hear sounds we cannot hear.

You interpret signs we cannot read.
You scent the trails we cannot find.
You talk to us with your speaking eyes,
and we cannot understand.

You are sometimes cruelly treated, and so are human beings, and sometimes we have to punish you for you are not always good. You have a certain amount of deviltry in your nature which we rather like, for it makes you more human and lovable. Your sins, however, are mostly against the laws we have made for you, not against your own, or those of nature, which are the laws of a higher power than ours—the one who made you.

What glorious times have we enjoyed together tramping or riding through the fields and woods, over the hills and by the streams and through the swamps, or at the sea, on the sands and rocks, or over the salt marshes, with gun or camera or botany box, or with nothing at all! We have shared the best the

world can give us, nature's gifts. And returning home, tired and happy, we in the evening, before a bright wood fire, you close by our side or at our feet only so that you can touch us, have lived over what the day has given us. Or sometimes at night before a camp fire with the quiet of the wood sounds all about us, have dreamed of the ducks and the grouse and the partridges, or of rare flowers or a beautiful landscape which the past day has brought, or of what the next day will bring. And perhaps you have dreamed also, a little selfishly (you are only selfish in your dreams) of the rabbits and squirrels and the wood-chucks which have been the greatest temptation for you to resist all day long. They must have existed long ago in your garden of Eden.

No matter what our conditions or surroundings in life may be you accept them gladly. King or peasant, palace or hovel, riches or poverty, plenty or starvation, burn-

ing sun or ice and snow, if you have once given us your affection, no matter who or what your master may be, you give him all you have to give to the very end — even life itself. It would almost seem that you were created only to serve us, for wherever man has been, even in the far past where history is almost a myth, you have been also, close by his side. Old Egypt, Persia, Greece, and ancient Rome have told of your fidelity and of your devotion.

You know us in many ways as no human being knows us, for every hour of your life you wish to be near, and often you are our most intimate companion and the best friend we have in the world. We talk to you, more than half believing, or trying to believe, that you understand, and I am not sure but that to you alone we always tell the absolute truth, we whisper to you our secrets, we confide to you our hopes and ambitions, we tell you of

our successes and our disappointments, and often in deep grief you alone see what we think is weakness to show to the outside world. Whatever happens to us we are sure of one friend, even if the whole world is against us. We trust to you our greatest treasures, our children, and we know with you they are safe.

When you go to the Happy Hunting Ground you are truly and deeply mourned, and the great legacy you leave us is the memory of your loyalty, your devotion, your trust, and memory of the many happy hours and happy days you have given us in your too short life. And when we are obliged to say "the King is dead," we do not complete the old saying "long live the King" for many, many months—and sometimes never.

May we meet again,
Your masters, and
Your FRIENDS.

*Note
To The Masters*

The blank space on the title cover is designed for a photograph, or any picture, of your own dog.

This collection is composed almost entirely of verses that have been written within the last twenty-five years. I know only too well that I have omitted many poems that the Dogs should hear, but I have not attempted a large anthology, for it has been done several times by far abler hands. I also know you will ask why some of your favorite poems are not found in this collection, but I have selected only a small number, among the many that have appealed to me, for I promised to read only a few to my friends, the Dogs, and I have left many blank half pages on which you can copy your own favorite Dog Poems.

L. N. K.

Note

To those to whom I am indebted

I wish to thank the Authors for their kindness in permitting me to reprint their poems and I also wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the many Publishers who have given me permission to reprint selections from their publications. To many friends I wish to express my obligation for the use of their collections.

L. N. K.

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LUFRA

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

From

The Lady of the Lake

LUFRA

THE Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favorite greyhounds should pull down,
That venison free, and Bordeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra, — whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North, —
Brave Lufra saw and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds mid way,
And dashing on the antlered prey,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and with his leash unbound,
In anger struck the noble hound.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

—The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck,
In maiden glee with garlands deck;
They were such playmates, that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darkened brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB

From

The Island Race

BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

By permission of the Author, and of the Publishers
ELKIN MATHEWS, London

FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB

THE Squire sat propped in a pillow'd chair,
His eyes were alive and clear of care,
But well he knew that the hour was come
To bid good-bye to his ancient home.

He looked on garden, wood, and hill,
He looked on the lake, sunny and still;
The last of earth that his eyes could see
Was the island church of Orchardleigh.

The last that his heart could understand
Was the touch of the tongue that licked his
hand:

“Bury the dog at my feet,” he said,
And his voice dropped, and the Squire was
dead.

Now the dog was a hound of the Danish
breed,

Staunch to love and strong at need:

To Your Dog and to My Dog

He had dragged his master safe to shore
When the tide was ebbing at Elsinore.

From that day forth, as reason would,
He was named “Fidele,” and made it good:
When the last of the mourners left the door
Fidele was dead on the chantry floor.

They buried him there at his master’s feet,
And all that heard of it deemed it meet:
The story went the round for years,
Till it came at last to the Bishop’s ears.

Bishop of Bath and Wells was he,
Lord of the lords of Orchardleigh;
And he wrote to the Parson the strongest
screed
That Bishop may write or Parson read.

The sum of it was that a soulless hound
Was known to be buried in hallowed ground:

To Your Dog and to My Dog

From scandal sore the Church to save
They must take the dog from his master's
grave.

The heir was far in a foreign land,
The Parson was wax to my Lord's com-
mand:

He sent for the Sexton and bade him make
A lonely grave by the shore of the lake.

The Sexton sat by the water's brink
Where he used to sit when he used to think:
He reasoned slow, but he reasoned it out,
And his argument left him free from doubt.

“A Bishop,” he said, “is the top of his
trade:

But there's others can give him a start with
the spade:

Yon dog, he carried the Squire ashore,
And a Christian could n't ha' done no more.”

To Your Dog and to My Dog

The grave was dug ; the mason came
And carved on stone Fidele's name :
But the dog that the Sexton laid inside
Was a dog that never had lived or died.

So the Parson was praised, and the scandal
stayed,
Till, a long time after, the church decayed,
And, laying the floor anew, they found
In the tomb of the Squire the bones of a
hound.

As for the Bishop of Bath and Wells,
No more of him the story tells ;
Doubtless he lived as a Prelate and Prince,
And died and was buried a century since.

And whether his view was right or wrong
Has little to do with this my song ;
Something we owe him, you must allow ;
And perhaps he has changed his mind by
now.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

The Squire in the family chantry sleeps,
The marble still his memory keeps :
Remember, when the name you spell,
There rest Fidele's bones as well.

For the Sexton's grave you need not search,
'T is a nameless mound by the island church :
An ignorant fellow, of humble lot —
But he knew one thing that a Bishop did
not.

LEO

From *The Poems of Richard Watson Gilder*

By permission of the Publishers, HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
Boston

LEO

OVER the roofs of the houses I hear the
barking of Leo —
Leo the shaggy, the lustrous, the giant, the
gentle Newfoundland.
Dark are his eyes as the night, and black is
his hair as the midnight ;
Large and slow is his tread till he sees his
master returning,
Then how he leaps in the air, with motion
ponderous, frightening !
Now, as I pass to my work, I hear o'er the
roar of the city —
Far over the roofs of the houses, I hear the
barking of Leo ;
For me he is moaning and crying, for me
in measure sonorous
He raises his marvelous voice, for me he is
wailing and calling.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

None can assuage his grief, tho' but for a
day is the parting,
Tho' morn after morn 't is the same, tho'
home every night comes his master,
Still will he grieve when we sever, and wild
will be his rejoicing
When at night his master returns and lays
but a hand on his forehead.
No lack will there be in the world of faith,
of love, and devotion,
No lack for me and for mine, while Leo
alone is living —
While over the roofs of the houses I hear
the barking of Leo.

GEIST'S GRAVE

From *Poems by Matthew Arnold*

Dramatic and Later Poems

By permission of the Publishers, THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York

GEIST'S GRAVE

FOUR years!—and didst thou stay above
The ground, which hides thee now, but
four?

And all that life, and all that love,
Were crowded, Geist! into no more?

Only four years those winning ways,
Which make me for thy presence yearn,
Call'd us to pet thee or to praise,
Dear little friend! at every turn?

That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span,
To run their course, and reach their goal,
And read their homily to man?

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry,*
The sense of tears in mortal things—

That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mould—
What, was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four!—and not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of Nature, with her countless sum

Of figures, with her fulness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore.

Stern law of every mortal lot!
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,

* *Sunt lacrimæ rerum!*

To Your Dog and to My Dog

And builds himself I know not what
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go,
On us, who stood despondent by,
A meek last glance of love didst throw,
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart—
Would fix our favourite on the scene,
Nor let thee utterly depart
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been.

And so there rise these lines of verse
On lips that rarely form them now;
While to each other we rehearse:
Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou!

We stroke thy broad brown paws again,
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window-pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way we go;
Crossing the frozen lake, appears
Thy small black figure on the snow!

Nor to us only art thou dear
Who mourn thee in thine English home;
Thou hast thine absent master's tear,
Dropt by the far Australian foam.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,
And thou shalt live as long as we.
And after that — thou dost not care!
In us was all the world to thee.

Yet, fondly zealous for thy fame,
Even to a date beyond our own
We strive to carry down thy name,
By mounded turf, and graven stone.

We lay thee, close within our reach,
Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Between the holly and the beech,
Where oft we watch'd thy couchant form,

Asleep, yet lending half an ear
To travellers on the Portsmouth road; —
There build we thee, O guardian dear,
Mark'd with a stone, thy last abode !

Then some, who through this garden pass,
When we too, like thyself, are clay,
Shall see thy grave upon the grass,
And stop before the stone, and say:

*People who lived here long ago
Did by this stone, it seems, intend
To name for future times to know
The dachs-bound, Geist, their little friend.*

THE POWER OF THE DOG

From

Actions and Reactions

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

By permission of the Publishers, DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
Garden City

THE POWER OF THE DOG

THERE is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day ;
But when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more ?
*Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.*

Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie —
Perfect passion and worship fed
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.
*Nevertheless it is hardly fair
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.*

When the fourteen years which Nature per-
mits
Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits,
And the vet's unspoken prescription runs
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,

To Your Dog and to My Dog

*Then you will find — it's your own affair
But . . . you've given your heart to a dog to
tear.*

When the body that lived at your single
will
When the whimper of welcome is stilled
(how still!)
When the spirit that answered your every
mood
Is gone — wherever it goes — for good,
You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear!

We've sorrow enough in the natural way,
When it comes to burying Christian clay.
Our loves are not given, but only lent,
At compound interest of cent per cent.
Though it is not always the case, I believe,
That the longer we've kept 'em, the more
do we grieve:

To Your Dog and to My Dog

For, when debts are payable, right or wrong,
A short-time loan is as bad as a long —
So why in Heaven (before we are there !)
Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear ?

TO RUFUS, A SPANIEL

From *Crumbs of Pity*

BY

R. C. LEHMANN

By permission of the Author, and of the Publishers, WILLIAM
BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh & London

TO RUFUS, A SPANIEL

RUFUS, a bright New Year! A savoury
stew,

Bones, broth and biscuits, is prepared for
you.

See how it steams in your enamelled dish,
Mixed in each part according to your wish.

Hide in your straw the bones you cannot
crunch —

They'll come in handy for to-morrow's
lunch;

Abstract with care each tasty scrap of meat,
Remove each biscuit to a fresh retreat

(A dog, I judge, would deem himself dis-
graced

Who ate a biscuit where he found it placed);

Then nuzzle round and make your final
sweep,

And sleep, replete, your after-dinner sleep.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

High in our hall we've piled the fire with
logs
For you, the *doyen* of our corps of dogs.
There, when the stroll that health demands
is done,
Your right to ease by due exertion won,
There shall you come, and on your long-
haired mat,
Thrice turning round, shall tread the jungle
flat,
And, rhythmically snoring, dream away
The peaceful evening of your New Year's
day.

Rufus! there are who hesitate to own
Merits, they say, your master sees alone.
They judge you stupid, for you show no bent
To any poodle-dog accomplishment.
Your stubborn nature never stooped to learn
Tricks by which mumming dogs their bis-
cuits earn.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Men mostly find you, if they change their
seat,

Couchant obnoxious to their blundering feet;
Then, when a door is closed, you steadily
Misjudge the side on which you ought to be;
Yelping outside when all your friends are in,
You raise the echoes with your ceaseless din,
Or, always wrong, but turn and turn about,
Howling inside when all the world is out.

They scorn your gestures and interpret ill
Your humble signs of friendship and good-
will;

Laugh at your gambols, and pursue with
jeers

The ringlets clustered on your spreading
ears;

See without sympathy your sore distress
When Ray obtains the coveted caress,
And you, a jealous lump of growl and glare,
Hide from the world your head beneath a
chair.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

They say your legs are bandy—so they are:
Nature so formed them that they might go
far;

They cannot brook your music; they assail
The joyful quiverings of your stumpy tail—
In short, in one anathema confound
Shape, mind and heart, and all, my little
hound.

Well, let them rail. If, since your life began,
Beyond the customary lot of man
Staunchness was yours; if of your faithful heart
Malice and scorn could never claim a part;
If in your master, loving while you live,
You own no fault or own it to forgive;
If, as you lay your head upon his knee,
Your deep-drawn sighs proclaim your sym-
pathy;

If faith and friendship, growing with your
age,
Speak through your eyes and all his love
engage;

To Your Dog and to My Dog

If by that master's wish your life you rule—
If this be folly, Rufus, you're a fool.

Old dog, content you; Rufus, have no fear:
While life is yours and mine your place is
here.

And when the day shall come, as come it
must,

When Rufus goes to mingle with the dust
(If Fate ordains that you shall pass before
To the abhorred and sunless Stygian shore),
I think old Charon, punting through the
dark,

Will hear a sudden friendly little bark;
And on the shore he'll mark without a
frown

A flap-eared doggie, bandy-legged and brown.
He'll take you in: since watermen are kind,
He'd scorn to leave my little dog behind.
He'll ask no obol, but instal you there
On Styx's further bank without a fare.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

There shall you sniff his cargoes as they
come,
And droop your head, and turn, and still be
dumb —
Till one fine day, half joyful, half in fear,
You run and prick a recognising ear,
And last, oh, rapture ! leaping to his hand,
Salute your master as he steps to land.

TIM, AN IRISH TERRIER

From *Songs from Leinster*
BY W. M. LETTS

By permission of the Author, and of the Publisher
DAVID MCKAY, Philadelphia

TIM, AN IRISH TERRIER

IT's wonderful dogs they're breeding now:
Small as a flea or large as a cow;
But my old lad Tim he'll never be bet
By any dog that ever he met.
“Come on,” says he, “for I’m not kilt
yet.”

No matter the size of the dog he’ll meet,
Tim trails his coat the length o’ the street.
D’ ye mind his scars an’ his ragged ear,
The like of a Dublin Fusilier?
He’s a massacree dog that knows no fear.

But he’d stick to me till his latest breath;
An’ he’d go with me to the gates of death.
He’d wait for a thousand years, maybe,
Scratching the door an’ whining for me
If myself were inside in Purgatary.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

So I laugh when I hear thim make it plain
That dogs and men never meet again.
For all their talk who'd listen to thim,
With the soul in the shining eyes of him?
Would God be wasting a dog like Tim?

TO A TERRIER

From *Green Days and Blue Days*

BY

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

By permission of the Author. Published by MAUNSEL & Co., Ltd.
Dublin

TO A TERRIER

CRIB, on your grave beneath the chestnut
 boughs

To-day no fragrance falls nor summer air,
Only a master's love who laid you there
Perchance may warm the earth 'neath which
 you drowse

In dreams from which no dinner gong may
 rouse,

Unwakeable, though close the rat may dare,
Deaf, though the rabbit thump in playful
 scare,

Silent, though twenty tabbies pay their vows.
And yet, mayhap, some night when shadows
 pass,

And from the fir the brown owl hoots on
 high,

That should one whistle 'neath a favoring
 star

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Your small white shade shall patter o'er the
grass,
Questing for him you loved o' days gone by,
Ere Death the Dog-Thief carried you afar !

RHAPSODY ON
A DOG'S INTELLIGENCE

From *Rhymes of Home*

BY BURGES JOHNSON

By permission of the Author, and of the Publishers
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York

RHAPSODY ON A DOG'S INTELLIGENCE

DEAR dog, that seems to stand and gravely
brood

Upon the broad veranda of our home
With soulful eyes that gaze into the gloam—
With speaking tail that registers thy mood,—
Men say thou hast no ratiocination;
Methinks there is a clever imitation.

Men say again thy kindred have no souls,
And sin is but an attribute of men;
Say, is it chance alone that bids thee,
then,

Choose only garden spots for digging holes?
Why dost thou filch some fragment of the
cooking

At times when no one seemeth to be look-
ing?

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Was there an early Adam of thy race,
And brindled Eve, the mother of thy house,
Who shared some purloined chicken with
her spouse,

Thus causing all thy tribe to fall from grace?
If fleas dwelt in the garden of that Adam
Perhaps thy sinless parents never had 'em.

This morn thou cam'st a-slinking through
the door,

Avoiding eyes, and some dark corner sought,
And though no accusation filled our thought,
Thy tail, apologetic, thumped the floor.

Who claims thou hast no conscience, argues
vainly,

For I have seen its symptoms very plainly.

What leads thee to forsake thy board and
bed

On days that are devoted to thy bath?
For if it is not reason yet it hath

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Appearance of desire to plan ahead!
The sage who claims thy brain and soul be
wizen
Would do quite well to swap thy head for
his'n.

FRANCES

BY RICHARD WIGHTMAN

By permission of the Author and from
The American Magazine

FRANCES

You were a dog, Frances, a dog,
And I was just a man.
The Universal Plan,—
Well, 't would have lacked something
Had it lacked you.
Somehow you fitted in like a far star
Where the vast spaces are ;
Or like a grass-blade
Which helps the meadow
To be a meadow ;
Or like a song which kills a sigh
And sings itself on and on
Till all the world is full of it.
You were the real thing, Frances, a soul !
Encarcassed, yes, but still a soul
With feeling and regard and capable of
woe.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Oh yes I know, you were a dog, but I was
just a man.

I did not buy you, no, you simply came,
Lost, and squatted on my door-step
With that wide strap about your neck,—
A worn one with a huge buckle.
When bigger dogs pitched onto you
You stood your ground and gave them all
you had

And took your wounds unwhimpering, but
hid them.

My, but you were game!
You were fine-haired
And marked with Princeton colors,
Black and deep yellow.
No other fellow
Could make you follow him,
For you had chosen me to be your pal.
My whistle was your law.
You put you paw
Upon my palm

To Your Dog and to My Dog

And in your calm,
Deep eyes was writ
The promise of long comradeship.
When I came home from work,
Late and ill-tempered,
Always I heard the patter of your feet upon
the oaken stairs ;
Your nose was at the door-crack ;
And whether I'd been bad or good that
day
You fawned, and loved me just the same.
It was your way to understand ;
And if I struck you my harsh hand
Was wet with your caresses.
You took my leavings, crumb and bone,
And stuck by me through thick and thin.
You were my kin.
And then one day you died,
At least that's what they said.
There was a box and
You were in it, still,

To Your Dog and to My Dog

With a sprig of myrtle and your leash and
blanket,
And put deep ;
But though you sleep and ever sleep
I sense you at my heels !

ROGER AND I

BY REV. JULIAN S. CUTLER

From *The Boston Evening Transcript*

By permission of the Author and of *The Boston Evening Transcript*

ROGER AND I

WELL, Roger, my dear old doggie, they say
that your race is run;
And our jolly tramps together up and down
the world are done;
You 're only a dog, old fellow, a dog, and
you 've had your day;
But never a friend of all my friends has
been truer than you alway.

We 've had glorious times together in the
fields and pastures fair;
In storm and sunny weather we have romped
without a care;
And however men have treated me, though
foul or fair their deal —
However many the friends that failed, I 've
found you true as steel.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

That's right, my dear old fellow, look up
with your knowing eye,
And lick my hand with your loving tongue
that never has told a lie;
And don't be afraid, old doggie, if your time
has come to go,
For somewhere out in the great Unknown
there's a place for you, I know.

Then don't you worry, old Comrade; and
don't you fear to die;
For out in that fairer country I will find
you by and by;
And I'll stand by you, old fellow, and our
love will surely win,
For never a heaven shall harbor me where
they won't let Roger in.

When I reach that city glorious, behind the
waiting dark,
Just come and stand outside the gate, and
wag your tail and bark —

To Your Dog and to My Dog

I'll hear your voice, and I'll know it, and
I'll come to the gate and say :
“ Saint Peter, that's my dog out there, you
must let him come this way.”

And then if the saint refuses, I'll go to the
One above,

And say : “ Old Roger is at the gate, with
his heart brim full of love ;

And there is n't a shining angel, of all the
heavenly band,

Who ever lived a nobler life than he in the
earthly land.”

Then I know the gate will open, and you
will come frisking in,

And we'll roam fair fields together, in that
country free from sin.

So never you mind, old Roger, if your time
has come to go ;

You've been true to me, I'll be true to you
— and the Lord is good, we know.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

You 're only a dog, old fellow ; a dog, and
you 've had your day—
Well, I'm getting there myself, old boy,
and I have n't long to stay ;
But you 've stood by me, old Comrade, and
I 'm bound to stand by you ;
So don't you worry, old Roger, for our love
will pull us through.

“SIR BAT-EARS”

BY

MRS. EDEN

From

Punch

By permission of the Author, and special permission of the
Proprietors of London *Punch*

“SIR BAT-EARS”

SIR BAT-EARS was a dog of birth
And bred in Aberdeen,
But he favoured not his noble kin
And so his lot is mean,
And Sir Bat-ears sits by the almshouses
On the stones with grass between.

Under the ancient archway
His pleasure is to wait
Between the two stone pineapples
That flank the weathered gate;

And old, old alms-persons go by,
All rusty, bent and black,
“Good-day, good-day, Sir Bat-ears,”
They say and stroke his back.

And old, old alms-persons go by,
Shaking and well-nigh dead,

To Your Dog and to My Dog

“Good-night, good-night, Sir Bat-ears!”
They say and pat his head.

So courted and considered
He sits out hour by hour,
Benignant in the sunshine
And prudent in the shower.

(Nay, stoutly can he stand a storm
And stiffly breast the rain,
That rising when the cloud is gone
He leaves a circle of dry stone
Whereon to sit again.)

A dozen little door steps
Under the arch are seen,
A dozen aged alms-persons
To keep them bright and clean :

Two wrinkled hands to scour each step
With a square of yellow stone —

To Your Dog and to My Dog

But print-marks of Sir Bat-ears' paws
Bespeckle every one.

And little eats an alms-person,
But, though his board be bare,
There never lacks a bone of the best
To be Sir Bat-ears' share.

Mendicant muzzle and shrewd nose,
He quests from door to door ;
Their grace they say — his shadow gray
Is instant on the floor,
Humblest of all the dogs there be,
A pensioner of the poor.

CLUNY

BY WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE

From *The Boston Evening Transcript*

By permission

CLUNY

I AM quite sure he thinks that I am God —
Since He is God on whom each one depends
For life, and all things that His bounty
sends —

My dear old dog, most constant of all friends ;
Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I
To Him whom God I know and own; his eye
Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod;
He is more patient underneath the rod
Than I, when God His wise corrections sends.
He looks love at me, deep as words e'er
spake ;

And from me never crumb or sup will take
But he wags thanks with his most vocal tail ;
And when some crashing noise wakes all his
fear

He is content and quiet if I 'm near,
Secure that my protection will prevail ;

To Your Dog and to My Dog

So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful, he
Tells me what I unto my God should be.

May 24-25, 1902.

He had lived out his life, but not his love ;
Daily up steep and weary stair he came,
His big heart bursting with the strain, to
prove

His loneliness without me. Just the same
Old word of greeting beamed in his deep eye,
With a new look of wonder in it, asking why
“The whole creation groans and travails.”

He

And I there faced the mystery of pain.
Finding me dumb and helpless, down again
He went, unanswered, with the dawn to die,
And find the mystery opened with the key,
“The creature from corruption’s bondage
free.”

LADDIE

From *America the Beautiful*
and Other Poems

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

By permission of the Author, and of the Publishers
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, New York

LADDIE

LOWLY the soul that waits
At the white, celestial gates,
A threshold soul to greet
Belovèd feet.

Down the streets that are beams of sun
Cherubim children run ;
They welcome it from the wall ;
Their voices call.

But the Warder saith : “Nay, this
Is the City of Holy Bliss.
What claim canst thou make good
To angelhood ?”

“Joy,” answereth it from eyes
That are amber ecstasies,
Listening, alert, elate,
Before the gate.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

*Oh, how the frolic feet
On lonely memory beat!
What rapture in a run
'Twixt snow and sun!*

“Nay, brother of the sod,
What part hast thou in God?
What spirit art thou of?”
It answers: “Love,”

Lifting its head, no less
Cajoling a caress,
Our winsome collie wraith,
Than in glad faith

The door will open wide,
Or kind voice bid: “Abide,
A threshold soul to greet
The longed-for feet.”

*Ah, Keeper of the Portal,
If Love be not immortal,
If Joy be not divine,
What prayer is mine?*

DAVY
BY
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY
From
Century Magazine

By permission of the Author, and of THE CENTURY COMPANY
New York

DAVY

DAVY, her knight, her dear, was dead:
Low in dust was the silken head.

“ Is n’t there heaven,”
(She was but seven)
“ Isn’t there ” (sobbing) “ for dogs ? ” she
said.

“ Man is immortal, sage or fool :
Animals end, by different rule.”

So had they prated
Of things created,
An hour before, in her Sunday-school.

Trusty and glad and true, who could
Match her hero of hardihood,
Rancorless, selfless,
Prideless, pelfless?—
How I should like to be half so good !

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Firebrand eye and icicle nose ;
Ear inwrought like a guelder-rose ;
All the sweet wavy
Beauty of Davy ;—
Sad, not to answer whither it goes !

“ Is n’t there heaven for dogs that’s dead ?
God made Davy, out of His head :
If He unmake him,
Does n’t He take him ?
Why should He throw him away ? ” she
said.

The birds were busy, the brook was gay,
But the little hand was in mine all day.
Nothing could bury
That infinite query :
“ Davy,—*would* God throw him away ? ”

A FRIEND

BY ZITELLA COCKE

From *The Youth's Companion*

By permission of the Author and of *The Youth's Companion*

A FRIEND

“YOUR invitation, sir, to dine
With you to-night I must decline
Because to-day I lost a friend —
A friend long known and loved ;” thus
penned

The good Sir Walter, aptly named
The Wizard of the North, and famed
For truest, gentlest heart, among
The homes that love the English tongue.
Great heart, that felt the soul of things
In all its high imaginings,
And showed, mid vexing stress and strife
Of worldly cares, a hero’s life !
An humble friend it was he loved,
And oft together they had roved
The heather hills and sweet brae side,
Or braved the rushing river’s tide,
And many a frosty winter night
Sat musing by the warm firelight —

To Your Dog and to My Dog

A faithful friend, whom chance and change
Of fleeting years could ne'er estrange.
For he who once has gained the love
And friendship of a dog shall prove
Thro' joy and sorrow to the end
The deep devotion of a friend.
What is it? More than instinct fine,
This something man cannot divine,
Which speaks from eyes where lips are mute,
Which makes the creature we name brute
The noblest pattern we may see
Of loving, lasting loyalty.
We dare not call it mind or soul,
We know not what or where its goal,
But aye we know its little span
Of life spells large — Friendship to man;
Nor wonder Scott, in grief, should say,
“I lost a much-loved friend to-day!”

THE BATH

BY

R. C. LEHMANN

From

Punch

By permission of the Author, and special permission of the
Proprietors of London *Punch*

THE BATH

HANG garlands on the bathroom door ;
Let all the passages be spruce ;
For, lo, the victim comes once more,
And, ah, he struggles like the deuce !

Bring soaps of many scented sorts ;
Let girls in pinafores attend,
With John, their brother, in his shorts,
To wash their dusky little friend,

Their little friend, the dusky dog,
Short-legged and very obstinate,
Faced like a much-offended frog,
And fighting hard against his fate.

No Briton he ! From palace-born
Chinese patricians he descends ;
He keeps their high ancestral scorn ;
His spirit breaks, but never bends.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Our water-ways he fain would 'scape ;
He hates the customary bath
That thins his tail and spoils his shape,
And turns him to a fur-clad lath ;

And, seeing that the Pekinese
Have lustrous eyes that bulge like buds,
He fain would save such eyes as these,
Their owner's pride, from British suds.

Vain are his protests — in he goes.
His young barbarians crowd around ;
They soap his paws, they soap his nose ;
They soap wherever fur is found.

And soon, still laughing, they extract
His limpness from the darkling tide ;
They make the towel's roughness act
On back and head and dripping side.

They shout and rub and rub and shout —
He deprecates their odious glee —

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Until at last they turn him out,
A damp gigantic bumble-bee.

Released, he barks and rolls, and speeds
From lawn to lawn, from path to path,
And in one glorious minute needs
More soapsuds and another bath.

SIX FEET

From a friend

“SIX FEET”

“MY little rough dog and I
Live a life that is rather rare.
We have so many good walks to take
And so few hard things to bear ;
So much that gladdens and recreates,
So little of wear and tear.”

“Sometimes it blows and rains,
But still the six feet ply
No care at all to the following four
If the leading two know why.
'T is a pleasure to have six feet, we think,
My little rough dog and I.”

“And we travel all one way ;
'T is a thing we should never do,
To reckon the two without the four,
Or the four without the two.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

It would not be right if anyone tried,
Because it would not be true.”

“ And who shall look up and say
That it ought not so to be,
Tho’ the earth is Heaven enough for
him,
Is it less than that to me?
For a little rough dog can make
A joy that enters eternity!”

WILHELM
BY
PATRICK R. CHALMERS
From
Punch

By permission of the Author, and special permission of the
Proprietors of London *Punch*

WILHELM

“No good thing comes from out of Kaiser-
land,”

Says Phyllis; but beside the fire I note
One Wilhelm, sleek in tawny gold of coat,
Most satin-smooth to the caresser’s hand.

A velvet mien; an eye of amber, full
Of that which keeps the faith with us for
life;

Lover of meal times; hater of yard-dog
strife;

Lordly, with silken ears most strokeable.

Familiar on the hearth, refuting her,
He sits, the antic-pawed, the proven friend,
The whimsical, the grave and reverend —
Wilhelm the Dachs from out of Hanover.

AN OLD DOG

BY

CELIA DUFFIN

From

The Spectator

By permission of the Author, *The London Spectator*, and
MAUNSEL AND COMPANY, Ltd. Dublin

AN OLD DOG

Now that no shrill hunting horn
Can arouse me at the morn,
Deaf I lie the long day through,
Dreaming firelight dreams of you;
Waiting, patient through it all,
Till the greater Huntsman call.

If we are, as people say,
But the creatures of a day,
Let me live, when we must part,
A little longer in your heart.
You were all the God I knew,
I was faithful unto you.

REMARKS TO
MY GROWN-UP PUP
From *Rhymes of Home*
BY BURGES JOHNSON

By permission of the Author, and of the Publishers
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York

REMARKS TO MY GROWN-UP PUP

By rules of fitness and of tense,
By all old canine precedents,
Oh, Adult Dog, the time is up
When I may fondly call you Pup.
The years have sped since first you stood
In straddle-legged puppyhood,—
A watch-pup, proud of your renown,
Who barked so hard you tumbled down.
In Age's gain and Youth's retreat
You've found more team-work for your feet,
You drool a soupçon less, and hark !
There's fuller meaning to your bark.
But answer fairly, whilom pup,
Are these full proof of growing up ?

I heard an elephantine tread
That jarred the rafters overhead:
Who leaped in mad abandon there

To Your Dog and to My Dog

And tossed my slippers in the air?
Who, sitting gravely on the rug,
Espied a microscopic bug
And stalked it, gaining bit by bit,—
Then leapt in air and fell on it?
Who gallops madly down the breeze
Pursuing specks that no one sees,
Then finds some ancient boot instead
And worries it till it is dead?
I have no adult friends who choose
To gnaw the shoe-strings from my shoes,—
Who eat up twine and paper scraps
And bark while they are taking naps.
Oh Dog, you offer every proof
That stately age yet holds aloof.
Grown up? There's meaning in the phrase
Of dignity as well as days.
Oh why such size, beloved pup?—
You've grown enough, but not grown up.

AN EXTRACT FROM
INSCRIPTION ON THE
MONUMENT OF
A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

BY LORD BYRON

AN EXTRACT FROM
INSCRIPTION ON THE
MONUMENT OF
A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

. . . “In life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master’s own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him
alone.”

“Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his
Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning
Flattery

To Your Dog and to My Dog

If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808."

TO TIM, AN IRISH TERRIER

BY

W. M. LETTS

By permission of the Author and of the *Westminster Gazette*, London

TO TIM, AN IRISH TERRIER

O JEWEL of my heart, I sing your praise,
Though you who are, alas! of middle age
Have never been to school, and cannot read
The weary printed page.

I sing your eyes, two pools in shadowed
streams,
Where your soul shines in depths of sunny
brown,
Alertly raised to read my every mood
Or thoughtfully cast down.

I sing the little nose, so glossy wet,
The well-trained sentry to your eager mind,
So swift to catch the delicate glad scent
Of rabbits on the wind.

Ah, fair to me your wheaten-coloured coat,
And fair the darker velvet of your ear,

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Ragged and scarred with old hostilities
That never taught you fear.

But oh ! your heart, where my unworthiness
Is made perfection by love's alchemy,
How often does your doghood's faith cry
 shame
To my inconstancy.

At last I know the hunter Death will come
And whistle low the call you must obey.
So you will leave me, comrade of my heart,
To take a lonely way.

Some tell me, Tim, we shall not meet again,
But for their loveless logic need we care ? —
If I should win to Heav'n's gate I know
You will be waiting there.

MY DOG
BY
ANNA HADLEY MIDDLEMAS

By permission of the Author and of *The Boston Evening Transcript*

MY DOG

HE's just plain yellow: no "blue-ribbon"
breed.

In disposition — well, a trifle gruff
Outside his "tried and true." His coat is
rough.

To bark at night and sleep by day, his creed.
Yet, when his soft brown eyes so dumbly plead
For one caress from my too-busy hand,
I wonder from what far and unknown land
Came the true soul, which in his gaze I read.
Whence all his loyalty and faithful zeal?
Why does he share my joyous mood, and gay?
Why mourn with me, when I perchance do
mourn?

When hunger-pressed, why scorn a bounte-
ous meal
That by my side he may pursue his way?
Whence came his noble soul, and where its
bourn?

“WITHOUT ARE DOGS”

BY
EDWARD A. CHURCH

By permission of the Author and of the *Century Magazine*

“WITHOUT ARE DOGS”

IF, through some wondrous miracle of grace,
To the Celestial City I might win,
And find upon the golden pavement place,
The gates of pearl within ;

In some sweet pausing of the immortal song
To which the choiring Seraphim give birth,
Should I not for that humbler greeting long
Known in the dumb companionships of earth ?

Friends whom the softest whistle of my call
Brought to my side in love that knew no
doubt,
Would I not seek to cross the jasper wall
If haply I might find you there “without” ?

YOU'RE A DOG

BY

C. L. GILMAN

By permission of the Author and of DUTING PUBLISHING Co., N. Y.

YOU'RE A DOG

AT the kennel where they bred you they
were raising fancy pets,
Yellow did n't matter, so the blood was
blue.

But the Red Gods mixed a medicine that
cancelled all their bets—
Make your tail say “thanks,” they 've
made a dog of you.

You have heard the wolf-pack howling and
have barked a full defiance;
You have chased the moose and routed
out the deer ;
You have worked and played and lived with
man in honorable alliance,
You have shared his tent and campfire as
his peer.

To Your Dog and to My Dog

When you might have copped the ribbon
you have worn the harness-collar,
Pulling thrice your weight through brush
and slush and bog.
Sure, you might have been a “champion,”
without value save the dollar,
But the Red Gods made you priceless—
YOU ’RE A DOG !

A GENTLEMAN

From

New Orleans Times-Picayune

By permission of *New Orleans Times-Picayune*

A GENTLEMAN

I own a dog who is a gentleman;
By birth most surely, since the creature can
Boast of a pedigree the like of which
Holds not a Howard or a Metternich.

By breeding. Since the walks of life he
trod,
He never wagged an unkind talk abroad.
He never snubbed a nameless cur because
Without a friend or credit card he was.

By pride. He looks you squarely in the face
Unshrinking and without a single trace
Of either diffidence or arrogant
Assertion such as upstarts often flaunt.

By tenderness. The littlest girl may tear
With absolute impunity his hair,

To Your Dog and to My Dog

And pinch his silken flowing ears the while
He smiles upon her—yes, I've seen him
smile.

By loyalty. No truer friend than he
Has come to prove his friendship's worth
to me,
He does not fear the master—knows no
fear—
But loves the man who is his master here.

By countenance. If there be nobler eyes,
More full of honor and of honesties,
In finer head, on broader shoulders found—
Then have I never met the man or hound.
Here is the motto of my lifeboat's log:
“God grant I may be worthy of my dog!”

MY DOG

BY

ST. JOHN LUCAS

MY DOG

THE Curate thinks you have no soul:
I know that he has none. But you,
Dear friend ! whose solemn self-control
In our four-square, familiar pew,

Was pattern to my youth — whose bark
Called me in summer dawns to rove —
Have you gone down into the dark
Where none is welcome, none may love?

I will not think those good brown eyes
Have spent their light of truth so soon,
But in some canine Paradise
Your wraith, I know, rebukes the moon,

And quarters every plain and hill,
Seeking its master — As for me,
This prayer at least the gods fulfil:
That when I pass the flood and see

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Old Charon by the Stygian coast
Take toll of all the shades who land,
Your little, faithful, barking ghost
May leap to lick my phantom hand.

TO SCOTT

(*A collie, for nine years our friend*)

BY

W. M. LETTS

By permission of the Author and of the *Westminster Gazette*, London

TO SCOTT

(A collie, for nine years our friend)

OLD friend, your place is empty now. No
more

Shall we obey the imperious deep-mouthinged
call

That begged the instant freedom of our
hall.

We shall not trace your foot-fall on the floor
Nor hear your urgent paws upon the door.
The loud-thumped tail that welcomed one
and all,

The volleyed bark that nightly would appal
Our tim'rous errand boys—these things are
o'er.

But always yours shall be a household name,
And other dogs must list' your storied fame;
So gallant and so courteous, Scott, you were,

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Mighty abroad, at home most debonair.
Now God Who made you will not count it
blame
That we commend your spirit to His care.

“DODO,”

1903-1913

BY

ARTHUR AUSTIN-JACKSON

From

The Spectator

By permission of *The London Spectator*

“ DODO ”

1903-1913

HERE lies a little dog who now
Asks nothing more of man’s goodwill
Than the grey stone that tells you how
She loved the friends who love her still.

*Sir Walter Scott’s translation of Lockhart’s
epitaph for “Maida’s grave”*

“ Beneath the sculptured form which late
you wore
Sleep soundly Maida, at your master’s door.”

“HAMISH”

A SCOTCH TERRIER

From *The London Spectator*

BY

C. HILTON BROWN

“ HAMISH ”; A SCOTCH TERRIER

LITTLE lad, little lad, and who’s for an airing,
Who’s for the river and who’s for a run;
Four little pads to go fitfully faring,
Looking for trouble and calling it fun?
Down in the sedges the water-rats revel,
Up in the wood there are bunnies at play
With a weather-eye wide for a Little Black
Devil :

But the Little Black Devil won’t come to-
day.

To-day at the farm the ducks may slumber,
To-day may the tabbies an anthem raise;
Rat and rabbit beyond all number
To-day untroubled may go their ways:
To-day is an end of the shepherd’s labour,
No more will the sheep be hunted astray;
And the Irish terrier, foe and neighbour,
Says, “ What’s old Hamish about to-day ? ”

To Your Dog and to My Dog

Ay, what indeed? In the nether spaces
Will the soul of a Little Black Dog despair?
Will the Quiet Folk scare him with shadow-faces?

And how will he tackle the Strange Beasts
there?

Tail held high, I'll warrant, and bristling,
Marching stoutly if sore afraid,
Padding it steadily, softly whistling;—
That's how the Little Black Devil was
made.

Then well-a-day for a “cantie callant,”
A heart of gold and a soul of glee,—
Sportsman, gentleman, squire and gallant,—
Teacher, maybe, of you and me.
Spread the turf on him light and level,
Grave him a headstone clear and true—
“Here lies Hamish, the Little Black Devil,
And half of the heart of his mistress too.”

The Riverside Press
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